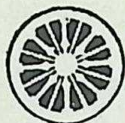


# yuvak bharati



VOICE OF YOUTH

Distinctive Cultural Monthly in English

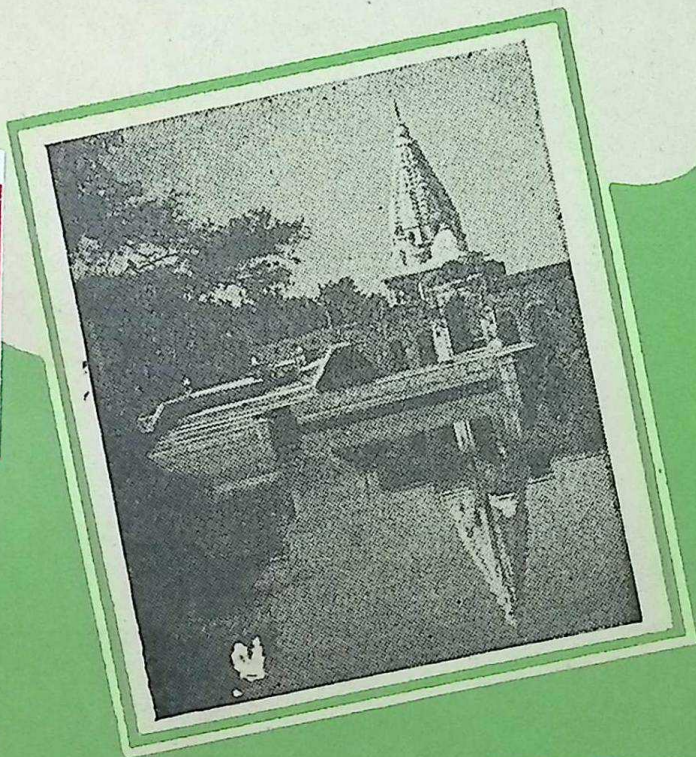
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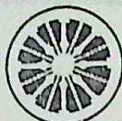
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# YUVA BHARATI

VOICE OF YOUTH

Vol. V. No. 8

MARCH 1978

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## Consecrated Service

A truly happy life is one which radiates happiness, which gives happiness to others. Let us make ourselves open channels to receive and transmit joy. May we not only receive it, but let us make ourselves able to retain it, that we may give it to others. Let us pour out ourselves in love and service. What comes of it, let us leave that to the Lord. Every time we think of our own self, it brings us sorrow in one form or another. We may attribute our unhappiness to other things, but its cause lies in self-seeking. We can create a boundary between ourselves and such selfish thoughts through selfless devotion and consecrated service. That boundary of selflessness nothing can penetrate.

— SWAMI PARAMANANDA.



**I**T was a bright and beautiful morning when the gentle rays of the rising sun infused a new life into everything. Even a blade of grass or a petal of a flower began to throb with life. After many days of continuous downpour, the entire forest looked fresh and fragrant. Wild animals moved about in freedom when man left them undisturbed. The gentle deer, the green par-

of the heart, we remain incomplete and fragmented beings. When undue emphasis is given to intellectual development, we lose our balance and innate simplicity and thereby develop a kind of hypocritical attitude of trying to be different from what we are.

He was of a very poor hill-tribe, simple and primitive in

# Impersonal Universal Vision

rot, the lovely wood-pecker and the sky robin looked healthy and clean, whereas the domesticated animals and fowls were not so strong and healthy. By leading natural life in freedom, these wild animals and birds are free from diseases and they manage well without the help of doctors and medicines. With too much of modernisation and artificial way of life, we not only invite diseases, but also forget our essential oneness with Nature. By cultivating the intellect without corresponding development

many ways. Short and a hunch-back, with long matted hair left loosely around his neck and shoulders and with features resembling a cave-man he would often wander alone in the vast forest unafraid of wild beasts. A small *dhoti*, a shirt and a sheet were all the garments he had, and they were torn and dirty with long use. Yet he did not bother to wash them. His wants were few and his earthly possessions consisted of a crowbar for digging wild roots, an axe for chopping firewood, a sickle, a

couple of mud pots and a small tumbler. Carrying the crowbar and the axe, he would go into the dense forest taking his dog with him. After digging up wild tubers and roasting them in the fire, he would eat after sharing it with his dog. Before getting dark, he would select one of the nearest caves and would make fire in front of it to scare away bears and other wild animals that frequented the place. After spreading a torn gunny bag on the floor of the cave and another one for his dog, he would spend the night there.

### Ogari Madha

People called him 'Ogari Madha' ('Ogari' means cave and 'Madha' is a crude abbreviation of Mahadeva). Ogari Madha had no need for politicians or even for the Government. Just as the monkey needed no permission from anyone for jumping from tree to tree, so also he did not have to obtain any sanction from anyone for wandering freely in the forest. Whenever he needed a couple of rupees for his smoke, jaggery and coffee decoction, he would chop firewood or cut wild grass and carry the heavy load on his head to the village for sale. During the season, he would bring honey-combs for squeezing them in your presence. Occasionally he would bring wild roots and then he would narrate his strange and dreadful experi-

ences and encounters with wild elephants, tigers, bears, cheetahs and pythons. Despite his ignorance and dirty dress, he was extremely simple and sincere. Above all, there was something unspoilt in him which we often lose as we get more educated and civilised. More than anything else, it was this aspect which made you love and like him. Whenever he came to the ashram, he became the focus of your attention.

Sometimes 'god' came on him and he was used then as a medium when his whole body would shake with the power of the Invisible. On those occasions, tribal men and women would come to him seeking guidance from God in warding off evil spirits and in solving their troubles and problems. He would give them suitable answers as to how to avert dangers and how to appease the wrath of God. He would then hit his lower abdomen with the sickle he carried. A couple of years ago, while so hitting, it is said, he inflicted a wound over his abdomen and blood began to ooze out of it. But he never got perturbed about it nor did he want to go to any doctor for treatment. He simply applied a small quantity of holy ashes over the wound and remarked: 'It was my punishment for this foolish Madha for his disobedience of eating food instead of fasting until I came on him.'



## Knowledge of the Self

Man is here for the supreme purpose of knowing himself. It is because of the lack of Self-Knowledge that we, knowingly or unknowingly, create more misery and suffering in this sorrow-ridden world. One may be highly educated, or may possess a lot of wealth or may occupy the highest position in society or may roll in all sorts of luxuries and comforts, yet it is impossible to find perfect peace and happiness unless one knows oneself. Unless the ego-shell is broken, it is not possible to find the Self-kernel which is the living Truth in all. The world is too much with all of us. Its nagging problems impinge us all the time from all directions. Yet the world is only a reflection of the mind and, therefore, it is foolish to run away from it to a forest or to a holiday resort or to a foreign country where everything on the surface looks nicer and appealing. We carry, 'the mind' wherever we go, and therefore, we cannot escape from life and its problems until and unless we tackle the mind itself. The truth is only the truth of our own being and, therefore, it is of paramount importance to know oneself. Without knowledge of the Self, our knowledge of all other things has no basis at all. The Self-forgetfulness and the Self-alienation make one feel incomplete and they are the

causes of one's unhappiness. When we get trapped in our thoughts and activities, we feel isolated from the Self and thus remain cut off from our Source. Unless the root is one with the branch, it will not bear fruit.

Thinking is not the nature of the Self and, therefore, we should stand apart from the thoughts, if we want to be free and happy. If we want to be whole and complete, we should feel our inherent perfection. Without the seer, nothing is seen. Surely, beauty lies in the beholder. We say that the world is real. But does the world tell us that it is real? We seem to know the world. But does the world know us? Or is the vision of the world only an experience of each person often modified by the changing mood of the mind? When the mind wakes up, the world rises up in the mind and when the mind ceases to exist, the world also falls to nought. Moreover, the world does not appear to all in the same light and degree, as each one has a different conception of the world. Seeing the world in its present plight, we all react to it in different ways. Even the ordinary mind is greater than the world, because, after one travels around the entire world and what all one has seen, appear within the mind. Even when it seems to us that the objective world and

the subjective mind are two different things, in deeper analysis a stage is surely reached when the apparent boundary and distinction between the mind and matter vanish completely. What we then discover is the void of pure awareness, the Universal Mind or the Formless Self.

### Samadarshan

When this realisation dawns on man, he knows without a trace of doubt that 'I AM' or (AHAM) the all-pervading Self, the infinite Truth and the whole of Life which is not limited to one's body. From this realisation springs genuine love, ethics and morality. When I AM is all or when all are I AM, if I harm another, it amounts to harming myself. It is like cutting the base of the branch on which I sit and thereby I myself fall to the ground and hurt myself. *To see everything as my real Self and my true Self as everything is the right vision.* Mere intellectual knowing of this fact is no knowing at all. We have already gathered a lot of knowledge and this knowing will be one more piece of information to be added to the store-house of our knowledge. *The Self-knowing is a state of being, not a process of accumulating knowledge.* For the realization of I AM ALL, there is no need to force, and strive with the mind to become anything. All that is needed is just **BE WHAT**

**I AM.** If we want to be as free as a bird, what is required, is 'to live in the moment' giving complete attention to what we are and what we do. It is this realisation that brings SAMADARSANAM (the sameness of vision). Without this all-embracing, impersonal universal vision, one will never be able to say that 'I AM not in the world, but the world is in Me' or 'I AM the Truth, the Way and the Life.'

As the world is not different from us and as we are not different from the world, when we change our thinking and vision, we find that the world is already transformed. As we are, so the world is. When our conception of the world is completely changed, the world and its happenings will have a different significance for us. Moreover, why try to change others when they are 'I AM' in different forms? The fact is that by changing ourselves, we change our world. Therefore, there is no need to set right the world, as God's world is not mismanaged by Him. What is needed is to set right one's own mind for precision, clarity and lucidity of the mind.

The Self-knowing is not possible when the mind's attention is turned towards other objects. Our so-called concern for others is often to disguise our own self-centred activities



and preoccupation with our ego. If we really had deep concern for others, we would have instantly changed to be benefactors of the world and humanity. When each one of us is blindly seeking one's own ambition and success and when greed and selfishness rule our lives, what use is our thinking and talking about others? What is needed is love in action and action in love. We often pretend to be what we are not. For Self-enquiry, one should be sufficiently interested in oneself, though, of course, not in a selfish way. But going away from our true Self by pretension, wearing a mask, make-up, outward show, vain and proud display of one's wealth, knowledge, position and status has become the mania of our modern times. We seem to dress not for our own comfort and convenience, but to please others. When this tendency goes too far, we will not be able to be true to our own being, but will dance to the whims and fancies of other people. We do not realise that the pretence of doing good is self-deception. Therefore, one should be honest and sincere to oneself to the core.

### **Achieve Order and Clarity**

As the world consists of people of different interests, ambitions and aspirations, and, as all of them are at different stages of their mental and spiri-

tual development, there will be chaos and confusion in the world, as it has always been. War, violence, brutality of every kind, on a big or small scale, are bound to prevail in society. Trying to bring order in this disorderly world, without first bringing order and clarity in one's own mind, is like trying to change the image of the face in the mirror without first correcting the face itself. Similarly, trying to escape from life and its problems which we ourselves have created, is like coming out of one trap and then falling into another. To seek escape is to invite sorrow. Undoubtedly, the world makes many demands on us. As we solve one problem, other problems crop up in continuous streams. Life is a shoreless ocean and the only shore is found in one's own Self. Behind the facade of glamour and pleasure, there is much ugliness and pain and we all get greatly agitated about them. But if we are able to look beyond these dualistic impostors, we may find beauty and bliss. In the midst of darkness, light exists and in the midst of sorrow, happiness prevails.

The usual tendency to blame the world or others for all the troubles arises from lack of Self-Knowledge. When one's own vision is set right by conquering the mind and by putting it in its proper gear, perhaps

there may be no need at all to reform others or to improve the lot of the world by our unnecessary and unwarranted interference which often does more harm than good. When we attempt to make others happy according to our notion of happiness, we are, in fact, causing them more unhappiness. When each one tries to make others happy, no one will be truly happy. Despite all the benefits that accrue from education, science and technology, the number of poor and illiterate people in the world is on the increase. What does it prove? It clearly shows that we have no genuine love in our heart for all. We do not sufficiently realise that we are the cause of the world's sorrow. When we realise it, we will cease to trouble the world and the world will then cease to trouble us.

### Light the Lamp of Love

True love cannot be awakened in the heart by preaching ethics and morality to others, when one is in need of it in himself. First one should reform the reformer that is himself. One should light the lamp of love in one's own heart and feed it with intense feeling and profound reverence. Love and compassion, generated in the heart of an enlightened soul, can be a more effective cure for the world's sorrow than all the organised charity, philanthropy, social work and social reform put together. In this sorrow-ridden world we need more love and compassion which come as a result of the wisdom of Self-Knowledge. Let love, therefore, inspire our actions, let love reign in our heart and let love lead and guide our lives!

SWAMI NIRMALANANDA

---

*"I dwell everywhere as the all-pervading impersonal Truth. Yet I am seated in the hearts of all beings and creatures."*

— SRI KRISHNA.

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# Kedarnath

**S**HIVA, the most ancient of the Hindu Gods, was worshipped as Rudra the terrible in the Vedic Age and as Shiva, the auspicious in the Puranic Age. And this is the age to which we are transported when we go on our trip to Kedarnath, for legend says that this temple was the creation of the Pandavas. The Pandavas were desirous of installing their favourite deity at some spot in the Himalayas and they begged the three-eyed One to appear before them in person. This he proceeded to do but when they tried to grasp him, he eluded them and taking the form of a buffalo he joined the herd of buffaloes who were making their slow way up the mountain-side. Nothing daunted, Bhima stood astride the narrow path, thus forcing the creatures to go under the arch made by his legs, knowing well that Shiva would balk at this. Sure enough one of the buffaloes lagged behind and the five brothers pounced on him and tried to force him to stay

there. The animal came apart in their hands and the different parts flew off in different directions. They were left holding the hind portion alone and this they installed with due ceremony at Kedarnath and this is the idol you see at Kedar today. It is not in the shape of the normal linga but is a huge, rough block of stone in an odd shape. The head, supposed to have flown off to Nepal, was installed at Pasupathinath. Hence a trip to Kedar is incomplete without one to Pasupathinath. The Panch Kedars are those places where the five other portions of the buffalo are supposed to have fallen. These are Madhyamaheswara where the middle portion of the buffalo fell. This is 21 k.m. from Ukhimath. Then Tungannath, where the hands fell. This is 37 k.m. from Ukhimath near Guptakashi. At Rudranath is the mouth of the buffalo and is about 19 k.m. from Mandal Chatti. Kapaleshwar is the place where the hair fell and this is opposite Helang

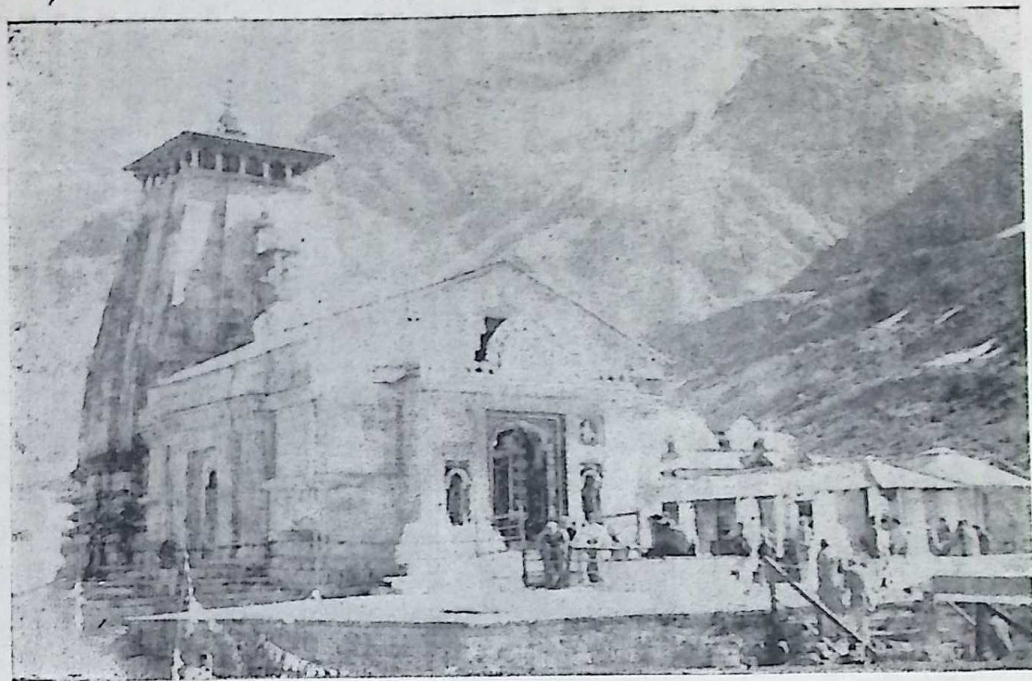
Chatti. All these places are there. The animal came apart around the same area and those who wish to go should return by the same route down to Guptakashi and from there deviate to the other places.

### En route to Kedar

The route to Kedar would again start from Rishikesh if one is not visiting the other places. From Rishikesh it would be best to go up to Rudraprayag which is one hundred and forty-two kilometres away, via Deoprayag and Srinagar. Deoprayag is the confluence of the Alakananda and the Bhageerathi and is a beautiful place for a dip. Rudraprayag is the confluence of the Mandakini and the Alakananda. The temple of Gauri is situated just at the sangam and is very beautiful. The current is very fierce — the Alakananda in full spate with clear blue water and the Mandakini with dark waters, rather sluggish and dull, but they meet with a clash which is irresistible! There is a temple of Rudra here, very close to the sangam. After halting at Rudraprayag for the night one should take the bus to Rampur which is 64 kilometres away. The route goes via Guptakashi where there is a famous temple of Vishwanath and where you have to get down if you want to go to Madhyamaheswar. There is a deviation to Ukhimath which is the winter residence of the Kedar-

nath Rawal or priest. This road has to be taken for those wishing to go to Tunganath and Rudranath. In theory the bus road is available from Rampur to Gauri Kund, but most of the time due to landslides etc. you will find that you will have to walk up to Gauri Kund which is 8 k.m. away via Sona Prayag. Gauri Kund is a charming place with a sulphur hot-water spring and a lovely temple of Gauri. The temple choultry is a beautiful place to stay if you get accommodation, otherwise there is a traveller's bungalow which is equally good. The choultry however is next to the temple and the hot springs and hence is more convenient both for baths and darshan. After resting for the night at Gauri Kund it would be better to set off early the next morning for the fourteen-kilometre trek to Kedar. Both the distance and the gradient are pretty steep since Gauri Kund is only five thousand five hundred feet in height and Kedarnath is eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. It rains often in summer and when you set out you will find yourself enveloped in the pearly mist of the early morning. The whole valley may be bathed in mist and you feel as if you are walking through a dream. The track is narrow and when you peer down the edge you may not be able to see the Mandakini in places since she is covered by mist but her gurg-





Kedarnath Temple against the backdrop of the snow-clad Himalayan range.

ling voice can be heard most of the time. Deodar trees loom out of the mist like inquisitive giants trying to find out what is happening and everywhere there is the sound of falling water since the Mandakini seems to have more waterfalls than any other river so far seen on our trip. Some of the falls are very beautiful and quite high. Despite the height and the cold you find many sadhus have built little huts and sit half naked all along the route in order to collect alms. Many of the pilgrims prefer to go by pony or by *Kandi* which is a small basket carried by the coolies and in which the traveller has to sit in a most precarious position. Just looking at it makes one feel giddy and sick but of course the very old and maimed people have no other choice. The first Chatty we have to pass is known as Jungle Chatti. It is just a huddle of tea shops. The road from here up to the next stop, Rambara is made of cobbled stones which are very difficult to walk on. From here there is another eight kilometres to Kedar. By this time if it has been drizzling you will find that the water has been slowly seeping through, so it is always better to go prepared with waterproof coats when you make these trips. Since you are walking briskly you start feeling hot and sticky inside but it is not advisable to take off your warm clothes however hot you may feel since the tem-

perature outside is so cold that the moment you take out your things you will start to freeze. This can be very dangerous.

### Refreshing Snowy Surroundings

By the time you reach Rambara the mist might have changed to snow and then you get a perfect Christmas card picture of this little village with tin roofs loaded with snow and patches of snow lying amongst the cobbles looking like giant blobs of ice cream thrown by the lavish hand of a generous God! The scenery from here onwards is quite breathtaking. Snow peaks rise up in majestic splendour on all sides, with the Kedar Peak dominating, the Mandakini tumbles down in great falls, and spread before us is the pristine, untouched, glistening beauty of freshly fallen snow. It is indeed an unforgettable sight. Despite the fatigue and difficulty of the climb when breathing becomes difficult due to the rarified atmosphere, we are filled with a sense of awe, for we feel in tune with the countless devotees who have passed this way since the Puranic times. This was the very path trod by the Pandavas and by all the great saints of our times including Sree Shankaracharya whose samadhi itself is supposed to have been at Kedar. The tiny flakes of snow falling on our faces seem almost like the touch of Gauri's fair fingers gently trailing over us in order to



encourage and guide us to our goal. The snow often changes to slush beneath the tramp of countless feet and if you are not wearing weather-proof shoes the water will seep into your feet so that they feel frozen. This is a very painful and serious condition and should be treated immediately otherwise it will result in frost-bite. The temple closes for morning darshan at 2 p.m. and the climb from Gauri Kund takes at least six hours so you may begin to feel quite desperate when it becomes mid-day and you still have not come in sight of the temple. But take heart, a few more steps will bring you to the bend in the path with a wonderful view of the snow-covered landscape ending with an unforgettable glimpse of the "Shikharam" of the temple with the flag waving bravely in the wind. This sight is rewarding, for you feel an upsurge of emotion, a deep thankfulness to the Lord Shiva who brought you so far with no mishap. Shouts of "Jai Vishwanathji" rend the air as all the pilgrims press forward with renewed vigour. It is indeed a moon landscape which stretches before you, bleak and unfriendly but for the brave little flag in the distance beckoning you forward. You feel like running and jumping and rolling in the snow but curb yourself for you still have quite a distance to go before reaching your goal. Forgotten are the shooting

pains on your frozen feet as you cover the final half a kilometre.

### Kedar at Last !

Crossing the bridge over the Mandakini, which is but a stream here, you come into the village — Kedarnath Puri. From here you cannot see the temple for it is hidden by various shops and dharmasalas, but again a turn in the lane brings you face to face with the beautiful structure which is Kedarnath temple. This is the time when your frozen feet part company with their slushy companions. The best way to treat your feet is to rub them hard with snow. Never pour boiling water over them or show them near the fire, though the temptation may be great. Having prayed to Ganesh outside and Nandi as well as Gouri just inside, you can enter the *sanctum sanctorum*. The idol is a hump of stone resembling a buffalo's hind part if your imagination is good enough and we are allowed to do the pujas ourselves aided by the priests sitting around. You can do *pushpanjali* with *bilwa* leaves and anoint the idol with ghee and do *dara* with water and *aarati* with lights. You are filled with a feeling of great exaltation as you do this, as if the devotee and the God are one — neither you nor the puja nor the idol exists but He and He alone — Shivoham . . . . . Shivoham. The words of the beautiful stanzas

written by Sree Shankaracharya echo in your mind. His samadhi is in this very place, then why should we not think of him. Every place of pilgrimage is permeated with the spirit of those great souls who have visited it before, so that their thoughts mingle with yours. After puja you come out and go to the small Devi temple at the side as well as to the Sree Sankara Samadhi. The prasada can be taken from inside after you finish puja. Again there is a sense of anti-climax when you come out. If you have the time you could stay overnight and thus see the evening puja when the deity is decorated in a very beautiful manner. The way back again is very beautiful, with the snow

peaks on either side and the Mandakini gurgling and rushing beside you. The stretch from here to Gauri Kund is famous for its wild life, so if you have keen eyes and the time and inclination it would be worthwhile to stop and look around as you proceed and you may find wild deer, mouse deer, wild pigs and many other fascinating creatures of the wild. Tired and hungry you will be, since the food you get at Kedar, is spartan in the extreme — pulka chappatis and potato curry. But the sense of rapture that enfolds you when you return is enough to sustain you down the steep incline to the abode of Gauri — Gauri Kund.

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"INDIA IS A COUNTRY with a long history of refined human culture. It has been, and it continues to be, the home of world's great religion. Its multi-language literature is rich in the thoughts of great thinkers. We, the Indians, are proud to inherit this legacy from our past", said Prof. J. V. Narlikar, the world renowned young Astro-Physicist.

Jayant Narlikar was born on July 19, 1938, at Kolhapur. He is the son of Professor Vishnu Vasudeva Narlikar. He got his

Jayant  
Narlikar

early education from 1943 to 1953 at University Children's School, Varanasi. In 1957, he did B.Sc. from Banaras Hindu University. He obtained first division and first position at all school and university examinations.

In 1957, Jayant Narlikar went abroad for higher education. He joined Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge and took the Mathematical Tripos Parts I, II and III at the University of Cambridge,

U.K., in 1958, 1959 and 1960. He obtained first class in Part I, became a Wrangler in Part II and had a distinction in Part III. After getting B.A. degree of Cambridge he joined as a research student under the supervision of Professor Fred Hoyle. Narlikar did his Ph.D. in 1963 and M.A. in 1964. In 1976, he got D.Sc., from Cambridge.

Narlikar got many awards and scholarships. He was J. N. Tata Scholar at Cambridge from 1957 to 1963, and W. A. Meek Scholar (1960-61) at Cambridge. In 1960, he got Tyson Medal for Astronomy awarded by Cambridge University. He got Smith's Prize in 1962 and Adam's Prize in 1967, awarded both by Cambridge University. He was awarded Golden Jubilee Gold Medal of Institute of Science, Bombay, in 1973. During 1963-1969 Narlikar was Berry Ramsay Fellow at King's College, Cambridge, U.K. In the same year he became a Fellow, Royal Astronomical Society and Cambridge Philosophical Society. He was elected Fellow, Indian Academy of Sciences in 1974, and Indian National Science Academy in 1976. He was Jawaharlal Nehru Fellow from 1973 to 1975.

In the year 1962-63 Narlikar was the Director of Studies in Mathematics, Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge, U.K. From 1967 to

1972, Narlikar was a Staff Member, Institute of Theoretical Astronomy, University of Cambridge.

### International Recognition

Owing to his brilliant research work, Narlikar became internationally known and was invited to deliver many distinguished public lectures. Among them are, Lokamanya Tilak Lectures (1966) on "The Universe and Laws of Physics" at the University of Poona, Friday Evening Discourse (1970) at the Royal Institution, London on "The Universe and the Arrow of Time", Presidential address at the Marathi Science Congress (1973), Jalna, on "The Atom and the Universe", Golden Jubilee Lectures (1973) at the Institute of Science, Bombay on "Are New Laws of Physics Necessary?"

In September 1972, Jayant Narlikar returned to India to serve his motherland. He is presently employed as Professor of Astro-physics at Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, Bombay.

On November 13, 1976, Narlikar delivered the 10th Nehru Memorial Lecture on the "Role of Scientific outlook in the development of science and society." He explained that scientific investigation consists of experiment (E), observation (O) and deduction (D) (which

he calls the 'EOD'). "Although the scientific outlook lies at the bottom of the 'EOD' and has arisen out of the development of science, it has proved useful to the conduct of human affairs in the wider context", he said. He urged an investigation by competent experts into the so-called "miracles" by the so-called demi-gods and miracle workers. If the "miracles" are proved to be frauds, the society will rid itself of some evils. If they are proved to be genuine, it will open new field in the advancement of science.

### Superstition And Science

There is a tendency in the human mind to ascribe strange natural phenomena to supernatural causes. Sometimes, superstitions are born out of ignorance of how Nature functions. This hinders the growth of science which is dedicated to the unravelling of the mysteries of Nature. Prof. Narlikar does not agree with the early human societies which ascribed divine powers to planets. He thinks that such assumptions arose from ignorance of what planets are and how they move. To substantiate his viewpoint, he quotes a recent circular (of which 186 leading scientists of U.S.A. were signatories), published in *The Humanist* (Sept-Oct : 1975).

"It is simply a mistake to imagine that the forces exerted by stars and planets at the



moment of birth can in any way shape our future. Neither is it true that the position of distant heavenly bodies make certain days or periods more favourable to particular kinds of action or that the sign under which one was born determines one's compatibility or incompatibility with other people. In these uncertain times many long for the comfort of having guidance in making decisions. They would like to believe in a destiny predetermined by astral forces beyond their control. However, we must all face the world, and we must realize that our future lies in ourselves, and not in the stars..."

### Need For Basic Research

Prof. Narlikar is an advocate of the need for basic research in India. He thinks that the hypothesis that basic research is an expensive luxury which a developing nation cannot afford, is a short-sighted point of view. He said, "To ignore basic research at this stage would mean that we will have to keep on importing new ideas from abroad. This would be contrary to our policy of self-reliance. India has plenty of talent for basic research and it must be tapped and unearthed."

According to the Newton's Law of Gravitation, the force of

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attraction between two masses  $m_1$  and  $m_2$  separated by a distance ( $d$ ) is given by  $G m_1 m_2 / d^2$ . Prof. Narlikar claims that the gravitational constant (usually denoted by  $G$ ) is slowly decreasing by a few parts in a thousand million per century. Due to this, the moon will gradually move away from the earth and go around it more slowly. Recent use of accurate atomic clocks, shows that this may be happening although very slowly. He said, "It is too early to be definite about the conclusion since it has profound implication for the well-established theories of Newton and Einstein."

Dr. Narlikar said, "Astronomers are now trying to study the universe not just by seeing light or radio waves, but studying X-rays, infra-red radiations etc. This has now become possible with the help of high altitude balloons and space satellites because these types of radiations do not reach the surface of the earth. Complex molecules, similar to the ones associated with life on earth have been found in space. This gives rise to the possibility of life existing elsewhere."

### Faith In Our Cultural Heritage

While making plea on behalf of science, Narlikar cautioned

India against an indiscriminate use of the inventions of science. He said, "The developed countries are beginning to experience some of the ill-effects of excessive and indiscriminate use of science and technology. We should try to avoid such evils like pollution, drug addiction, the break up of the family as a unit, when we seek to solve the existing problems with the help of science. Let us not end up as intellectual barbarians or technological savages, as the developed countries have been sometimes called. It is here, I think that we can draw on our rich cultural heritage — on the wisdom of our forefathers over many centuries. I am optimistic that if we are not blinded by traditions and dazzled by science but keep our eyes open, our country will make a triumphant entry into the year 2001".

Prof. Narlikar has written many research papers, popular articles and science fiction stories on topics in theoretical physics, gravitation, cosmology and astrophysics. He is actively engaged in the research work at TIFR, Bombay.

N. K. JAIN





# Youth

## The Core of Human Destiny

I plucked a flower from the garden of youth,  
Its scent and sight, thrilled me with chastened joy  
It's a rose with a thorn — perfection to Eternity  
Alone belongs, — the blemish, a key to higher nature.  
Youth, tempestuous, idealistic, sets the creative fire  
In action — a youth such, a Country's pride ;  
Strives he ever for heights in Calibre and Character,  
Mark ! like a fountain-head, inspires he the good in every one.  
A bud blooms, a lark sings, a minstrel goes his round,  
The wind wakes the trees and many a noble dream ;  
Fire the Youth's heart, his badge "Dare and do"  
Yea ! the youth arisen stops not till the goal is reached.  
O ! youth, take the gauntlet fearless and fight life's battle,  
Criticisms may crash on you, but crowned at length ;  
Impatience and despondency of youth, may seize you a while ;  
But you have a star, verily a divine star in you  
To count stars in your life — O youth ! you the core of  
human destiny.

*K. PARTHASARATHY*

**O**CTOBER, 1975! Our country was declared free from an age-old curse, small pox. Indeed a commendable achievement! It is fructification of the unabated vigilance and untiring efforts of our health care system. It would not have been ever possible to achieve this stage but for the availability of a weapon called vaccine.

effect of the variolae vaccine ; a disease discovered in some of the Western countries of England.' The thought was propagated and finally live small pox vaccine came into wide use. This vaccine is produced in cows. The cows are inoculated with the virus on the belly. After the small pox vesicles are formed, the material is scraped and

# Life-Saving Vaccines

Dr. Edward Jenner was the pioneer of active immunization against small pox. A young country woman casually mentioned to him that she could not contract small pox, since she already had had cow pox. Jenner found a lot of meaning in this observation. He obtained live cow pox material. James Phipps was the person to receive it. Jenner experimented further and published his observations in 1778 in his first memoir, 'An enquiry into the cause and the

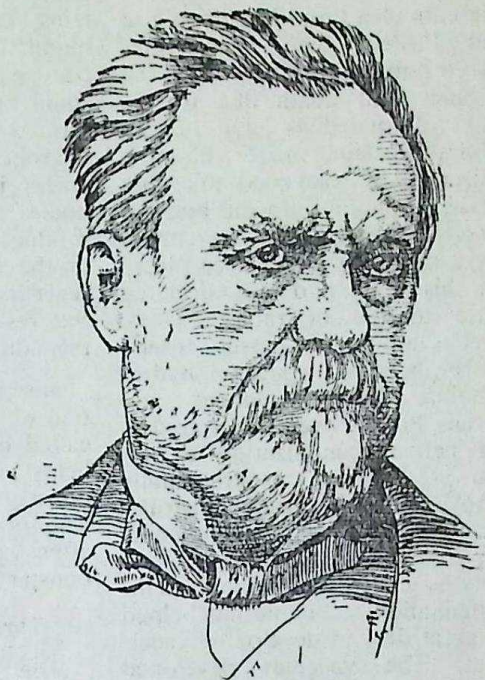
standardized. This preparation is ultimately released for field application.

## Variolation

Though it was in 1798 that Jenner suggested a vaccine against small pox, vaccination (i.e. active immunization) was practised amongst Chinese and Turkish communities even before that. The procedure is known as 'variolation'. It involves inoculating the body of a child with material obtained



from pustule taken from the small pox case. Small pox thus induced in childhood is normally of mild nature. This experience of small pox in childhood saves the child from developing small pox in later years. Following passage from Voltaire's volumes of letters is illustrative of the significance of variolation. He writes, "In the beginning of the reign of King George I, Lady Wortley Montague, a woman of so fine a genius, and endowed with as great a strength of mind, as any of her sex in the British Kingdom, being with her husband who was ambassador on the port made no scruple to communicate the small pox to an infant of which she was delivered in Constantinople. The chaplain represented to his lady, but to no purpose that this was an unchristian operation, and therefore that it could succeed with none but infidels. However, it had the most happy effect upon the son of the Lady Wortley Montagu, who at her return to England communicated this experiment to the Princess of Wales."



### **Louis Pasteur—Benefactor of Society**

It was almost a century after Jenner that Louis Pasteur developed a safe vaccine against rabies. One day in October, 1831, Nicole, a farmer, was bitten by a rabid wolf from whose jaws poison foam was dripping. In the course of a few days other eight victims of the mad wolf died of the choking throat-parched agonies of hydro-

phobia. Their screams echoed in the ears of a timid boy none else but Pasteur who years later saved hundreds of lives from the agonies and death due to the bites of mad dogs. On July 6, 1885, Pasteur made the first injection of weakened microbes of hydrophobia into the body of Joseph Meister, who was bitten by a mad dog in fourteen places on his body and was declared sure to die of rabies. Days, weeks and months passed, Joseph never betrayed a sign of hydrophobia. Edward Jenner and Louis Pasteur were the founders of active immunization technique. Pasteur experimentally proved that the deadly microbes could be tamed. This weakening or loss of disease-causing capacity is called attenuation. This attenuation technique has helped a great deal in developing vaccines. The vaccines developed over years have helped mankind in controlling diseases like plague, small pox, polio, tetanus and many others.

### How do the Vaccines Work?

The vaccines do nothing but give an experience of the disease microbes without causing the disease. It is interesting to know how it happens. The vaccine possesses a certain specific substance which are called 'Antigens'. The antigens enter the body and come in contact with blood cells and pro-

duce certain protective proteins called antibodies. Some blood cells (lymphocytes) become sensitized to antigen and some store the experience for future. In later years when microbe, with some antigens, enters into the body, the antibodies and sensitive blood cells produced during first experience of the microbe (or its antigen) react and destroy them. Thus the resistance is built up after the administration of vaccine.

Normally second administration of vaccine is advised. It is called booster dose. This dose helps in strengthening the resistance induced by initial dose. The protection is longer-lasting after the administration of booster dose.

### Three Types of Vaccines

The vaccine contains live attenuated organisms, killed organisms, or the inactivated toxins. The vaccines against tuberculosis (B.C.G.) is an excellent example of attenuated vaccine. This vaccine is prepared from bovine strain in *Mycobacteria* (the microbe causing tuberculous infection in cattle). The attenuation was brought about by cultivating this microbe on potato-ox-bile medium for 13 years. There are many other examples of live attenuated vaccines, including small pox vaccine, Sabin's oral polio vaccine, yellow fever vaccine etc.



The killed vaccines in common use are TAB vaccine for typhoid, Salk's vaccine for Poliomyelitis, rabies vaccine, cholera vaccine, plague vaccine etc. Various agents are used for killing the microbes. They include heat, formaldehyde, phenol, alcohol,  $\beta$  propiolactone, merthiolate and many others.

Tetanus toxoid is an example of third type of vaccine. It is in common use. The detoxification can be done by using various agents. The diphtheria toxin is detoxified by formalin and is included in triple antigen. These toxoids induce antitoxic antibodies in the body. These antibodies are capable of denaturing a large amount of toxin produced by infecting organism.

The vaccines described above cover a very large range of diseases. But still there is absence of vaccines against certain deadly diseases like Leprosy, Malaria, Syphilis, Filariasis. All around the world, there is an intense activity in the field of immunology of infectious diseases. It is certain that sooner or later, the scientists will produce effective vaccines for these ugly diseases and rid mankind of them.

The advantages of vaccines, by and large, outweigh the risks involved in vaccination. There have been failures of vaccines; there have been adverse reactions

to vaccines; but all these side-effects are eliminated or minimized. The vaccines in present use are on the whole safe.

### Recent Probes in the field

Before closing this discussion on vaccines, it would not be improper to describe in short the recent attempts made to develop vaccine against cancer and a birth control vaccine. A large contingent of scientists world over is busy in detecting the cause, therapy and prophylaxis of cancer. The problem is very complex owing to the varieties of cancer. It will be possible to develop a vaccine against cancer, only if that antigen is found which is common for all the varieties. This does not seem to be possible in the near future. However, there is no reason to be pessimistic.

Another equally intensely pursued problem is of effective birth control measures. The breakthrough was just two years ago and vaccine against conception was developed. Now it is being tested in field. After successful field trials, this vaccine will be an effective weapon to fight population menace. It is a matter of pride that brains behind the development of vaccine were Indian. Let us all wish them success in their endeavours.

*RAMESH PARANJPE*

# Hindu Heritage Of Bali

**F**OR about fifteen centuries, beginning from the first century of Christian era, the Hindu culture spread to the whole of S.E. Asian region. It was the enlivening spirit of Hindu Culture that shaped the evolution of the cultural ethos of the whole region. So deep has been the impact of Hindu culture on S.E. Asia that even after the replacement of Hinduism as dominant religion by other faiths, people in these countries still cherish with pride the heritage of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. In Indonesia which succumbed to Islamic faith at the beginning of fifteenth century, Hinduism continues to rule the hearts of the people. The colour and magic of dance-drama based on the Ramayana and the Mahabharata held pra-

ctically every day in one village or another of Indonesia add to the mystic splendour of temple-dotted Indonesian landscape.

## Balianese Hindus

Of all the islands of Indonesian archipelago, Bali alone had the singular distinction of preserving Hinduism in its pristine form from the onslaughts of Islamic hegemony. This marvelously beautiful island adorned with scintillating flowerbeds and lush corn-fields has over 20,000 temples, big and small, scattered among the terraced rice fields, in the cemeteries, in the market-places, on the golden beaches, in the dingy caves and among the roots of venerable trees; perhaps more so than in any other country the spirit world dominates the lives of Bali's peo-



ple. More than 98% of the two million inhabitants of this island sprawling over an area of 2,095 sq. miles are staunch Hindus. The name Bali is said to have been derived from the mystical demon-king Bali, who in the Hindu mythology, symbolises the virtue of generosity and selflessness. Towns and villages of Bali abound in statues of Agastya and Kaundinya — the venerable sages of yore.

Balianese Hindus are supposed to have emigrated from the coast of Orissa and West Bengal, some ten centuries back, when the glory of Hindu culture was at its height in the Indonesian archipelago. Many of the monuments and shrines built by them are on the pattern of temple architecture prevalent in eastern India. Balianese have strong attachment to spirit cult and they follow a religion which is a curious amalgam of Vedantic creed and Tantric cult. The most popular deity of Balianese Hindus is Ananta, who is supposed to be the embodiment of the power of divine trinity — Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. Balianese install, on special occasions, what is called "Padmasana" with all the invocation to Hindu Gods and Goddesses to sanctify the occasion. The Brahmin priest wears his priestly gown, puts on Rudraksha around his neck. Then he wears the sacred thread. So invested,

he invites Ganesha, Vishnu, Shiva and Brahma as also other cherished deities to come and grace the sacred seat, "padmasana" decorated with four columns of fruits, flowers and corn-sheaves. With this invocation, the deity is supposed to have occupied the Asana and sanctified the place. Then the regular ritual of worship with the Gayatri mantra and other Vedic invocations follows. After the worship is over the last prayer is said in chorus and "prasada" is distributed.

The fountain-head of culture in Bali is banjar, a kind of temple-like courtyard which is an open air theatre, a meeting place for the village council that is wholly controlled by the village.

### Hindu-based Rituals

Though casteism is prevalent among the Hindus of Bali, it is neither strictly followed nor rigidly adhered to. Marriage between a boy and a girl belonging to different castes is quite common. A preponderant majority of Balianese are non-vegetarians and they cremate their dead. They emphasize Pancha Maha Yagna and Kalasa Pooja. Brahmin priests chanting half-forgotten Vedic mantras are an ubiquitous sight in the island. As in India, so in Bali, when a child is three months old the ritual of name-giving is performed. The baby is adorned with

bangles, ear-rings and other ornaments. Feasts and festivals as celebrated in India during auspicious occasions are also common in Bali. One such festival called Deva Sangha is held every year at the end of which evil spirits are driven out. In Bali, as in the neighbouring Java, there are many statues to be found of Gods with four arms or with four heads. Nearly all Balianese literature is written on palm-leaves on the lines of ancient Indian literary manuscripts. Balianese, like other pious Hindus, offer worship to their departed ancestors once a year in a fair called Galungan.

### Ketjak

In Bali, the Ramayana is the most conspicuous vehicle of religious fervour and cultural illumination. The Ramayana is said to have travelled from South India into the Island of Bali with its more florid imagination and more spicy Shaivite flavour in which magical powers take the place of the power of human virtue. Practically, every day Ramaleela is enacted in each of the Balianese village. Mostly the Ramayana is staged against the backdrop of a magnificent shrine in the argent effulgence of the full-moon light.

The most popular version of the Ramayana as enacted in Bali is called Ketjak (monkey-dance). In this dance-drama, Hanuman occupies a position of promi-

nence next only to Ravana with Rama coming off a poor third. And what a superb character Hanuman makes and what choreography is lavished upon. Against a dark Balianese stage he stretches his limbs and waves them as wings; he seems to lift himself off the ground for his epic flight to Sri Lanka from a dense forest. This highly impressive dance-drama does not make use of conversation or oral instruments.

### Wyang-Orang

While Ketjak, the ancient dance-drama centres round the Ramayana, the Wyang-orang is quite a recent innovation. The Wyang-orang essentially depicts an epic of love interwoven with moral teachings, the cast of which include giants and giantesses, handsome princes and beautiful princesses, mighty beasts and marvellous birds — all of them endowed with supernatural powers. The story tells of the abduction of Sita, wife of the exiled prince Rama of Ayodhya, by the cunning Ravana, king of giants, and her eventual rescue by Rama who is aided by an army of monkeys led by Sugriva and his comrade Hanuman.

Each day, as the sun sets and night spreads its dense, dark wings, every village in Bali gets set for the enactment of one of the dance-dramas based on the Ramayana. While the Ramayana



depicted in Bali resembles to a large extent Valmiki Ramayana, the Mahabharata staged here is totally different from its original form, with local colour and flavour having taken an upper-hand.

Balianese Hindus have organised themselves under the banner of Parishad Hindu Dharma on the lines of Vishva Hindu Parishad in India.

*B. RADHAKRISHNA RAO*

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WHEN I put across this plea, which forms the mast-head of this article, to my friends, they throw up their hands in dismay, turn their faces wryly, and look at me with utter displeasure. They assert that they are ready to love me. They affirm that they do love me.

very simple idea through a very complex combination of words. I mollify them. I tell them that only by using words with such dexterity that I gain mastery over them and get real fun out of them.

They aren't fully satisfied. So, I decide to offer them a treat at



But, they draw the line at this point. They aren't prepared to accommodate my dog in the circle of their friends.

I have a hearty laugh. Their ignorance makes me feel superior. I clarify, after my laughter subsides, that I have only used an idiomatic expression. The idiom only means "Accept my friends as yours."

### A Hot Dog Each

My friends are up in arms. They accuse me of putting a

some hotel or the other. I think of the menu that would suit the occasion. Then, the dog comes back into my mind. How about giving them a hot dog each? Ah! You know that the hot dog is just hot sausage sandwich. So, there is no confusion. There is nothing like the hot dog. For, it is the only dog that feeds the mouth that bites it.

It is not the hot dog alone that provides a delectable dish for man.



One need not be a giant or an ogre to gobble up a dog in a blanket. In fact, it has nothing to do with a dog which someone, with infinite care, has rolled up in a blanket. It stands for a very tasty concoction of current dumpling or jam pudding.

Pudding and pie are invariably followed by some drink or the other. Each man has his choice. Some like hot coffee ; some like it cold. Some love to sip cups of tea. Yet others go in for cocoa or ovaltine or protinex or any other beverage of their choice. There is an exclusive band of people who are addicted to dog's nose. They get it, not by collecting the noses of dogs and pulverizing them into the concoction. They achieve it by a more simple process. They just mix beer and gin. And, lo presto ! they have the drink that cheers them.

### Rains Cats and Dogs

The votary of the drink asserts that it is the ideal drink to dispel the heat of summer. Summer provides us dog days. Even at night, the air is hot and sultry. When the current fails, we get only dog-sleep which is fitful and light.

We look forward, eagerly, for the monsoon to arrive. Suddenly, dark clouds hover in the sky. A gentle drizzle, accompanied by shafts of lightning and the roll of thunder, greets us. The musky

scent of wet earth grills through our nostrils. And then the rain becomes more intense. It rains cats and dogs.

We are grateful to nature for the showers. But, our gratitude is short-lived. Not like that of the dog. It was Pascal, the great philosopher who stated : "The more I see men, the more I like dogs."

Dog is the beast which expresses eternal gratitude. Yet, none of us would prefer to lead a dog's life. For, it depicts a miserable existence.

It required all the wit ingrained in a woman to spot out a touch of humour in this term that stands for a very unpleasant situation. Her husband complained that he led a dog's life. Immediately, she replied : "Quite, true, dear. Your statement is based on facts. You come home with muddy feet, track across my clean floors, bark at nothing, growl at the food I serve you and make yourself comfortable in my best furniture."

### Let the Sleeping Dogs Lie

The man must have rued his mistake. He should have kept a better control over his tongue. He should have let sleeping dogs lie. But, he threw caution to the dogs. He did not realise that he did not have a dog's chance — not even the least

chance — of getting the better of his wife. After all, she is his better half.

Perhaps, that is an inherent weakness in man. He is optimistic. He thinks that he too will get his chance to score over his better half. Every dog has his day. So, why not every man too?

Such a man is not a freak. Not like the pekinese about which E. B. White noted :

Pekes

Are biological freaks,

They have no snout

And their eyes come out.

Ladies choose 'm

To clutch to their bosom.

A pekinese would gladly  
fight a wolf or a cougar,

But is usually owned by a  
Mrs. Applegate Krueger.

I wonder whether E. B. White was out to give the dog an ill name and hang him. That is the right usage for slander. And E. B. White has certainly cast a

slur on the fair name of the pekinese.

### A Dog in the Manger

I have almost come to the end of my ideas. I turn to my friend, a Professor of English in a local College, to help me with some more ideas. But, he refuses. He is like a dog in the manger. He has no use for what he has ; but he won't let others enjoy it either.

By temperament, he is not the one who helps a lame dog over a stile. He is not a true friend, not a friend in need.

If he reads this comment, he will put me in the dog house, hold me in disgrace. But, I don't care. Let him go to the dogs, be ruined.

Oh, no. I don't wish him that. I am now in a more tolerable mood. My thesis on dogs is over. I can now be happy, like a dog that has a bone, and be charitable to one and all.

R. K. MURTHI

*Dogs are superior to man in that they have a fair share of man's intelligence but none of his meanness.*

— BERNARD SHAW.



ONCE upon a time there was a very kind and charitable woman called Theodora ("God-given"). She loved every one and was always striving to help the poor and needy, and to teach little children and nurse the sick and helpless. One day she felt that all she could do was so little, and that there was so much suffering in the world and so much work to be done that all her efforts seemed of no avail, and she felt discouraged and said to herself "I am of no use in



this great sea of human misery, all I can do is of so little avail, I shall never be able to be of much help to these poor people." As she sat alone, mournfully thinking these sad thoughts she fell asleep and dreamed. In her dream she found herself in a vast studio where there were hundreds and thousands of pictures. What appeared strange to her was that not one was finished, but they were all in varying stages of completion. Some stood on easels and were covered from sight by white cloths thrown

over them, but the larger number stood on the floor, or were ranged around the walls in endless confusion. As Theodora stood there silent and wondering what all these covered canvases could contain, an old man — tall, stately and beautiful entered the studio. He did not seem to notice Theodora, but went at once to one of the easels and uncovering the picture standing on it, began to paint. He only gave it a few touches however and then carefully covering it over again, he went to the next easel and repeated the process. After silently watching the old man for some time, Theodora approached him and encouraged by his kind and benignant countenance, she ventured to ask him "What are you doing, sir?" The old man turned toward her with a bright smile and said in sweet and gentle tones "I am the artist of the King of Kings. All these are portraits of His children, who are made in His likeness. As they grow more and more to resemble their Father in Heaven through love and devotion to Him and through pure and holy living, I gradually paint their portraits, adding here a touch and there a touch, until the likeness is complete. Then the finished picture is taken away from here and hung in the palace of the King of Kings to be with him



forever more. These pictures on the easels are the most advanced ; some are nearly done. Those on the floor are at a standstill, waiting for the originals to again devote themselves to the endeavour to grow like the Father, while some are mere outlines, with not a single stroke filled in

and many are blank canvases, waiting for even an outline of spiritual aspiration to be drawn upon them”.

Then Theodora understood that all her struggles and her work were but intended to make her grow more and more like the King, her Father,—that slowly,



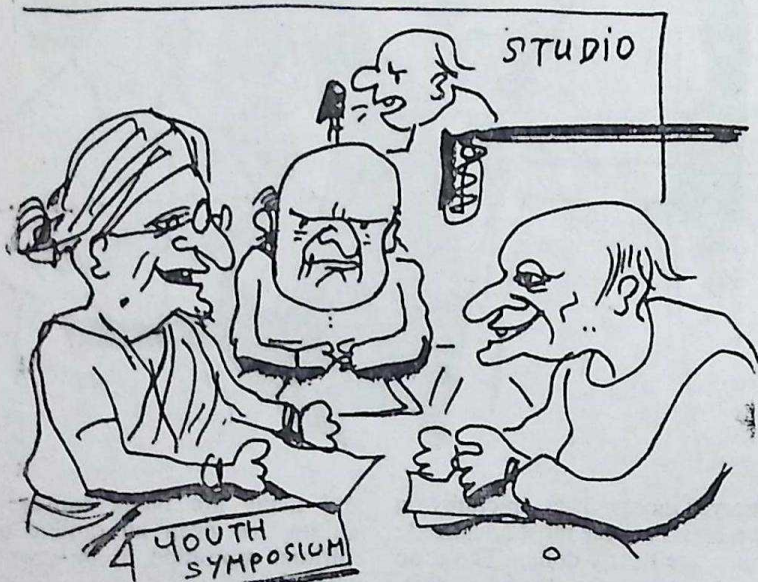
slowly, the likeness grew, here a line, there a line, until perfection was reached. A great peace filled her heart and when she awoke it remained with her. She felt happy and encouraged to persevere with her efforts to help others, feel-

ing sure all the while, that her likeness to the Father in Heaven was slowly growing, under the faithful hands of the great artists to the King of Kings.

B. R. RAJAM IYER

*Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.*

— The Bible.



“Though we had to balance youth and experience, you’ll be surprised that our participants are the youngest we’ve so far....”

(VISHNU)

# Kailasam the Educationist

**K**NOWN for his ready wit and subtle humour like Bernard Shaw, the late Sri T. P. Kailasam, a genius of this country wrote plays both in English and in Kannada. When he took up writing, the Kannada drama was stinking in a stagnant stereotyped style; and the credit of revolutionising it should go to him (and also to Sriranga). Kailasam's long stay in England had, no doubt, influenced him to some extent in many aspects including drama. But he had a deep-rooted regard for the cultural values of our ancient country. While his Kannada plays teach us morals of family and society, his English plays highlight the greatness of some epic characters. Further his casual remarks about education reveal the true educationist in him and serve as a perennial source of inspiration for the youth of the country.

Of Kailasam's English plays and playlets, *The Burden* deals

with an episode from *The Ramayana*, while *The Mahabharata* supplies themes for his other plays, namely, *The Purpose*, *Fulfilment*, *The Curse or Karna* and *Keechaka*.

In the playlet *The Burden*, Kailasam presents the young Bharata's feelings on seeing Ayodhya without his father Dasaratha (since dead) and his elder brother Rama (since banished). An unselfish and unassuming prince, Bharata cannot even tolerate himself being praised as 'Boy-King'. The playwright shows the young man's love for all, his respect for elders and his noble attitude to the worldly affairs.

## Ekalavya, the perfect pupil

In his masterpiece *The Purpose*, Kailasam portrays Ekalavya as a devoted pupil. In this connection, he enunciates 'the five elements' necessary for education — the pupil's perfect mas-



tery of the ground-work (here, of archery), his power to concentrate, his deep and fervent love for his *guru*, the latter's wholehearted willingness to teach and lastly an assiduous practice. Here is a stress on the power of penance, its potentiality of concentration and single-minded effort on one hand, and accomplishing something (here, learning archery) on the other. Ekalavya learns archery solely to protect the forest, to protect the weak from the tyranny of the strong. Further, the playwright describes three kinds of workers (*karmi*) whose purposes are different; Ekalavya belongs to the third category of people whose 'one aim is in his labour that others might reap the harvest of his toils without the least profit to himself.' Such an attitude of sacrifice to one's family, to one's institution, to one's nation should be the real aim of education.

Kailasam's Karna, the tragic hero of his play *The Curse*, is an example of sincerity in learning, of chivalry and righteousness, and of respect for teachers and elders. In the very first scene itself, his tutor Parasurama praises Karna's 'selfless love, reverence and loyalty (to *guru*)' and says "thou hast crept nearest my heart". He further cautions Karna, "...use the prowess of thine arms for the sacred rite of succouring distressed beings on

this earth; and this must be the real purpose of a student's gaining knowledge."

In his last English play *Keechaka*, Kailasam's hero shows his deep reverence for his *guru* Balarama. On an occasion, he is frank enough even to admit his fault of forgetting his *guru*. He remarks, "Anyone's rank has nothing to do with the learning he gets for himself, provided he remembers his own self and more — his own *guru*."

Next, Kailasam gives his views on real education in many of his Kannada plays also. While giving a picture of his contemporary society, he 'brought various specimens of society for the first time on the stage — hollow students even with university degrees, empty-handed lawyers who boast of themselves, born boy-scouts unconsciously showing nobility, widows who were subjected to bitter suffering, hen-pecked husbands impoverished by their wives.'

### Mother—the best teacher

In his Kannada play *Tollugatti* (Hollow and Sound), Kailasam discusses the purpose of education and concludes that the best education lies at the mother's feet ('*Makkaliskool-manalalve?*'). Of the two brothers of the play, Puttu has a brilliant career in his school education and scoffs at all the

members of the family. But, Madhu, an utter failure in formal education, educates himself in the home-school by service and sacrifice under the guidance of his mother. The success-mad father gives all comforts to Puttu, but illtreats Madhu. In the end, in addition to serving his sick mother, Madhu risks his life to save others from fire, whereas the selfish Puttu conveniently escapes from the scene. Then one of the neighbours remarks, "... That which is hollow, will continue to be hollow; and that which is sound, will continue to be sound". Speaking through the mother in the play, Kailasam says, "The rent we have to pay God for living in this world is to be helpful to the people around" and thus, the children's real school is home.

Kailasam is not blind to the evils of the dowry system. In his playlet *Talikattokkoleene?* (Wage for tying the sacred mangalyam, the matrimonial symbol?), he humorously takes to task the young as well as the old who are mainly responsible for the social evil.

In his play *Bandvalillad-baday* (Boasting without worth), Kailasam makes a casual indirect reference to education. Mudmani ('the pet-jewel') the son of the boasting lawyer Ahoblu, is a 'Double Distilled Duffer', on account of whom the Goddess of Learning Saraswati is emaciated.

The father simply boasts of his son too without giving him right type of education.

### The Ideal Boy

*Polee Kittee* (Kittee the Vagabond) which is the most popular one among Kailasam's Kannada plays, deals with the Boy-Scout movement. It appears that Kittee's character is another face of the ideal boy of *Tollu-gatti*. In the play, Kittee, a poor boy without much formal education joins a Boy-Scout troupe with the hope of getting some sweetmeats. But it happens that, being a born scout, he unconsciously lives up to the Scout ideals and teaches other scouts. Though outwardly rude, he has a soft heart and a sense of real service which he proves on many occasions, even risking his life — saving a child from being run over by a bicycle, helping a poor old man in earning his livelihood etc. Kittee's act of sacrifice reaches climax when he rescues all the members of a family from a house caught in fire.

### Education—To Lead Out

What is education, according to Kailasam? In the words of Kamaloo of the play *Ammavraganda* (Husband of 'Madam'), "Educate? What does the word mean? . . . 'E' means 'out'; 'Duco' — 'to lead'; thus, 'Education' means 'to lead out' — At home, the mother teaches the child many things right from his



birth — One should not speak falsehood', 'One should not harm the people around', 'One should be helpful to all' etc. etc. — The schools and colleges should stress these virtues and thereby make the boys useful to the family, to the society and to the nation.... This is 'Education' . . . . . On the other hand, suppose parents send children to schools after neglecting and spoiling them in their childhood, making them bundles of selfishness! Then, what is the use of adopting any perfect system of education in schools? . . . This is almost similar to what Swami Vivekananda meant when he defined education as 'the manifestation of the perfection that is already in man.'

Kailasam's plays are full of statements which are intended to educate the masses: For ex-

ample, "Mention money? Then go away! Think of heart? Then come near!"; "The secret of a gentleman is to give respect and take respect"; "Those who suffer for others in this world are equal to God — even more than God!"; "Better stand on your own legs".

Thus the current of our great culture conceived by our Rishis and nourished by a galaxy of great men like Sri Shankara and Swami Vivekananda eternally flows in various forms of modern literature. True to this noble culture, Kailasam adopts the merits of both the past and the present in projecting a picture of true practical education needed for the country. This is Kailasam the educationist.

PROF. S. KRISHNA BHATTA  
(Courtesy : A.I.R. Bangalore)

*An education which does not teach us to discriminate between good and bad, to assimilate the one and eschew the other, is a misnomer.*

\* \* \*

*True education must correspond to the surrounding circumstances or it is not a healthy growth.*

\* \* \*

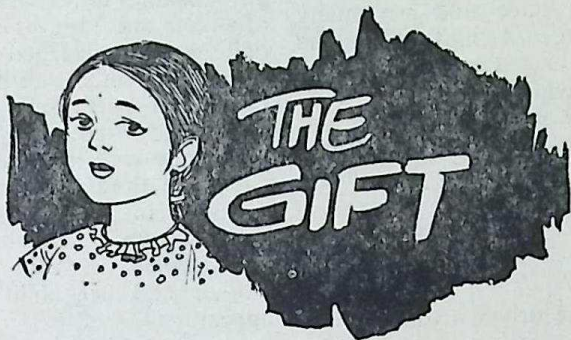
*In a democratic scheme, money invested in the promotion of learning gives a ten fold return to the people even as a seed sown in good soil returns a luxuriant crop.*

— MAHATMA GANDHI.

I had developed the habit of window-shopping for which there was endless opportunity in Connaught Place. I would wander up and down in the evenings, till I was tired of walking. The buying was reserved for day-time when the proportion of sightseers was much less. But even then the shops were crowded and I sometimes won-

dered where all the money came from. Loitering round markets like Connaught Place one would think that all the accounts of poverty were myths. There was certainly nothing drab about those magnificent stores, and people who shopped in them.

for beautiful she surely was. If one would dress her up in proper clothes she could have passed off as a millionaire's daughter. Though pale, she was fair, and there was a charm in her gaze which made one want to hug her. There was one particular show-case in which she would stare and stare till her mother roughly pulled her away. One



In the course of those rounds I began to notice a woman and a child who fitted in this glamour as little as a broken window-pane in a posh hotel. They seemed poor and smelt of the slums. The child wore rags which however failed to hide her beauty —

could see why, for within the transparent glass there smiled the loveliest of dolls with deep blue eyes and puffed up rosy cheeks and draped in the finest silk, quite unlike the tattered dress which her admirer wore.

One day when the girl was busy in her daily pursuits, I went up to her and asked in a friendly voice, "What's your name, child?"

She did not reply; and pressed closer to the show-case. Her mother coaxed her, saying, "Tell



the gentleman your name." After a lot of hesitation, the girl lisped it out. "Roop" she said.

"Oh! what a lovely name?" I exclaimed, patting her back. She shrank from my touch and clung closer to her mother. She was a shy child.

"Where do you live?" I asked her.

"That's what she never remembers" her mother said, though I have told her many times, forgetful child. Once she got lost in a crowd and could not tell where she lived. Fortunately a neighbour saw her and brought her to me. Down Kashmirigate. There we live almost near the bus-stand.

"And what does her father. . . er. . . your husband do?"

"Oh he drives a tonga, when he can."

"What do you mean, by 'when he can'?" I asked her.

"Oh! Sir, he is a great drunkard as ever lived. Comes so drunk almost every night that he can barely walk. He beats me, beats her, and squanders everything he gets—see" she uncovered the child's back, and there on that pale skin were dark lines where the whip had struck. I looked away in disgust.

Winter came. The papers were full of headlines about the cold, about snowfalls on the hill-sides, and people who had

been frozen to death. I could not see the mother and her child for many days. 'Perhaps they had moved, perhaps the cold kept them indoors, perhaps. . . ' and I shuddered to think of all the possibilities. Connaught Place was now gay for it was Christmas season. The show-cases were suddenly crowded with enchanting goods — candles, Christmas-trees, gaily-coloured gift stockings and cheerful boxes of sweets and toys. The chubby doll was sandwiched between them, lying in a half-bent position, as if performing an intricate Yogic exercise! The new year came with its greetings and gifts, and tired men fatigued by a night of boisterous merry-making, rose in crowded hotels to welcome it. But still the mother and her child did not appear.

I could resist the temptation no longer. I wanted to give a gift too, like the others. I walked with firm steps into the shop, for I already knew what I had to buy, and told the salesman to wrap up the big doll in bright gift-paper.

It was not difficult to find out the dwelling by the bus-stand at Kashmirigate. The bare walls of mud-bricks and the dirty dust-laden tarpaulin roof pointed it out more eloquently than any scheme of intricate numbering. I was relieved to find both mother and daughter there, apparently



well, and I lost no time in producing my gift. The chubby doll with rosy cheeks appeared all the more impressive, in the midst of dirty bamboo curtains and soiled rags. On seeing it the child's face glowed with pleasure, and her smile began to rival that on the lips of the doll. She stared speechless at the doll

with wondering eyes, as if she did not quite believe it was really there. "I have bought it for you," I said to reassure her. "Oh! why did you give yourself the trouble, sir!", the woman exclaimed as her daughter clasped the doll to her bosom, "she will spoil it, and it must have cost a lot."



"Don't let that worry you," I told her. "I wanted to give a gift so badly, and I am glad she likes it."

"Aye, sir" the woman said, "she has pined and pined for it. But I could never have got it for her, for my man does not earn anything near its price in the whole month."

Just then there was the scraping sound of the old protective iron-sheet being pulled aside, and the room was suddenly full of alcoholic fumes, as a dirty unkempt man staggered into it, swearing loudly. He had a whip in his hand, and came on unsteadily on his feet. Mother and child cowered under the bamboo curtain.

"Oh! Oh! where have you all gone, you sons of pigs and swine? he shouted, "come out! come out!" and he swung his whip threateningly. Seeing me in the dim light he started and exclaimed, "Ho! you! who are you? are you Jhabsu? Rahim? no! no! who? Why are you here?" His wife came out of her hiding place and said, "Don't do anything wild now, he is the Babuji whom we see in Connaught Place. He has bought Roop a gift."

"Gift? what gift?" the tonga-driver exclaimed angrily.

"Tell me what gift or I will thrash you" he advanced with the whip towards his wife.

"That! there! on the cot!" she exclaimed in awe, "the big doll. Babuji has been very kind. Roop wanted it so much, every day....".

But the man seemed as if not hearing her at all. The sight of the doll seemed to have angered him. "What doll?" he said loudly, "there will be no doll, you don't need a doll, Roop needs no doll, I won't have a doll, there will be no doll in the house!" Before anyone could prevent him he lashed out with his whip. The cord caught the doll on the neck and sent it spinning on the floor. The plastic head cracked from the middle as it banged against the hard surface. The woman screamed, and Roop broke into loud sobs.

The atmosphere was stifling and the alcoholic fumes were spreading more and more in the closed-up space. I lifted the iron-sheet quietly and slipped out. The cold air was invigorating and I breathed freely again. The stars were deeply etched against a clear blue sky, and in the distance the neon signs of the markets blinked. It seemed like an awakening from a fearful dream.

K. P. BAHADUR

THE son of a great and noble businessman was an apprentice in his father's business, and the father sent him to a foreign country to stay there for some time and transact the affairs of his business in that country. The son arrived there, and for a while remembered his father and the purpose for which he was sent and transacted the affairs of the business faithfully. In course of time he succumbed to the temptations of the city where he was staying, forgot his father, forgot the purpose of his being there and lived a life of indulgence in sensual and egotistic pleasures. Soon he became penniless and when his friends understood he was penniless, they deserted him. He became friendless and in his acute distress he remembered his father, and wrote to him a letter expressing his contrition and imploring him for assistance to come back home.

The loving father sent him enough money to pay his debts and return, but also informed him that the laws of the country where he was staying would not permit him to pay his debts through the money of another, even if it be of his own father and that to earn his permission to return, he must live in that country as a useful and honest citizen and through the money earned by him, discharge his debts there, and then return.

The father in the end of his letter said "Remember five things. 1. Remember me, that I am your father. 2. Remember that you are my son. 3. Remember the purpose of your staying there. 4. Remember you don't belong there and must return here eventually. 5. Remember to live there as an useful and honest citizen.

Reading his father's letter, the young man wept tears of sorrow and later tears of joy. He sat erect, with a smile, a hope and a resolution. He was reconciled

## Reconciliation and Return

with his father. He was no more estranged. His father could very well have washed his hands off such a reprobate son. But his father loved him too much to do that. The young man sprang to his work, to rehabilitate his life, remembering his father, living only to please him and ultimately he rejoined him.

We are all sons of God, sent by Him, here with a purpose. A new life begins when we understand this. We are reborn in mind and heart and soul by understanding this. Of all God's gifts to us, the most precious is



the gift of freedom. Krishna at the end of his *upadesa* to Arjuna in the battlefield, said in effect "I have explained to you the meaning of your predicament and indicated various ways of responding, in the situation where you find yourself. NOW, DO AS YOU LIKE." Several times Krishna says "Those who will not heed my words of wisdom, will come to grief and perish." Still He leaves man free to choose his goal of life, his values of life, his way of life.

Let us respond to such a great Love by using that freedom of choice in the manner of living of our life, by choosing to use that freedom in the service of the one who gifted it to us. Dharma

is God's will for us. By choosing dharma, we express our loyalty to God. Of all dharmas, two are the most important and they are mentioned in Taitriya Upanishad. They are "*Satyam vada — dharmam chara.*" Speak the truth and do the right.

By remembering God, speaking the truth, doing the right and accepting the vicissitudes of life with trust in the love and wisdom of His dispensation, we shall progress with heart attuned to his worship. This is Karma Yoga — to remember Him, to speak the truth, to do the right and maintain equanimity in the vicissitudes of life.

R. VAIDYANATHAN

सुर भारती

॥ भाषासु मधुरा दिव्या पवित्रा सुर भारती ॥

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# I

THE name Vivekananda means "one who has the power of discrimination". It is the most appropriate name for Swamiji. His was a many-sided personality — a prophet, a social reformer, a fluent preacher and, above all, a sensitive artiste. The Swami's artistic talents may be said to have been inherited. His father, Viswanath Datta was a lover of music. It was he who encouraged the young Narendra to study music. From a Moslem teacher, Ahmed Khan, he learned many Hindi, Urdu and Persian songs — most of them devotional. His singing was so sweet that on one occasion Sri Ramakrishna remarked, "he sang the song with his whole heart and put such pathos in it that I could no longer control myself but fell into an ecstatic mood." Small wonder that such a music-lover became a poet later.

His stay at Thousand Island Park in 1895 provided a suitable environment for writing poetry. The year 1895 also "was the year of his hardest work, of his highest hopes, of his greatest endeavours to gain a number of souls of whom he could be sure that they would carry on his own work." His room in the Thousand Island Park had a spiritual atmosphere. Miss Waldo writes "No words can describe what that blissful period meant to the devoted little band who followed



the Swami from New York to The Thousand Island Park in Saint Lawrence. . . . It was a perpetual inspiration to live with a man like Swami Vivekananda. From morning till night it was ever the same. We lived in a constant atmosphere of spirituality." The seven weeks at the Thousand Island Park were one of the greatest periods in the Swami's life.

# II

His poem, "The Song of the Sannyasin" considered by some to be his masterpiece was written here in a state of spiritual exaltation. It has to be kept in mind that this poem was written by a man who had 'Atmanubhuti'. The poem is a call to the bold sannyasin to take up the note of the song that had its birth far off — in mountain caves and deep forest-glades" whose calm no sigh for lust or fame could ever dare to break, where rolls the stream of knowledge and truth and the bliss that



flows. It is a note "om tat sat om."

The poet beckons to the bold sannyasin to strike off his fetters. Fetters whether they be of gold or iron are still fetters that strongly bind. So, says the poet, strike them off.

You should remove your ignorance, quench this thirst for life which drags the soul from birth to death and again from death to birth. He who conquers the self conquers all. Knowing this, never yield.

The poet reminds the sannyasin that "he who sows must reap." Cause must bring its sure effect, good or bad. None can escape this inexorable law. The embodied soul must wear the chain. But, the unembodied, the Atman, is far beyond both name and form and is ever free.

He who dreams the vacant dreams of father, mother and the relations of samsara does not know the highest truth. He who is but One, the Self, is all in all : none else exists.

The knower, the Self, is without name, form or quality. He is the witness. In him is maya "dreaming all the dreams". He appears as nature, world and soul.

Where is freedom? It is vain to seek it in books and temples. It is your own hand that holds the rope that drags you on. Then why lament? Let go thy hold. To no creature will there be any

harm from you because you are the self in all. Renounce all hopes and fears, cut thy bonds.

Let Karma, says the poet, deal with the body. Do not pay undue heed to its fortunes. Praise or blame cannot touch the self where the praiser, praised, blamer, blamed are one. "Be thou calm."

Maya binds every one, hides truth from us. It spreads lust and fame and greed before our eyes and also the passion of anger. Give these up, says the poet, for then only your vision becomes clear and you see the truth.

The Self needs no home, no bed, no food. If you know yourself to be the self you will know that you are ever free like a rolling river.

The highest truth is known only to a few. The rest are blind and so hate and laugh at the few. You need not pay any heed but help them out of the darkness of Maya.

When the powers of Karma are spent, says the poet, there is release for ever. "No more is birth". The "I" and the "all" become the same.

### III

It is a liberated soul's voice that rings through the poem. We are transported to regions where lust and greed cannot touch us and where knowledge, truth and bliss pervade. Stanzas

II, IX and XII in particular depict the spirit of the true sannyasin.

But, even though the song is a spiritual one when we take into account the circumstances in which he wrote this poem, we can see an inner meaning also. It is said that this was written in a spiritual fervour and in protest against someone who interfered with his life-work and was trying to dictate positive terms to him. The Swami had received a letter, criticising his determination to work among the common people instead of among the rich. As an answer he sent back by return mail "The Song of the Sannyasin".

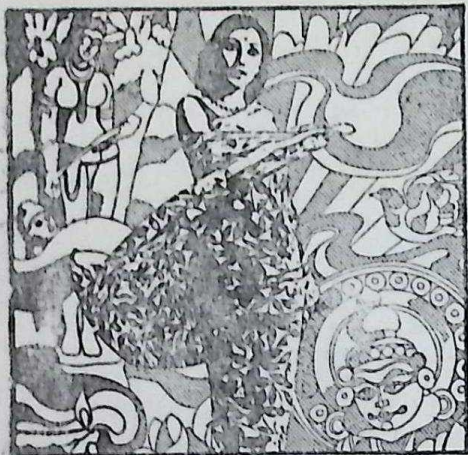
In a letter to Alasinga Perumal (July 1895) the Swami wrote "Now you have to defend yourselves. Why do you behave like babies? . . . Cowardice is no virtue." When we read this letter we can understand that Alasinga must have written to Swami saying that he had to suffer much from others. Perhaps in a corner of Swami's mind this struck a challenging note. So he is telling the young generation to carry on their work in the knowledge of the ultimate truth, "None has power to destroy the unchangeable" (*Bhagavad Gita*).

"Sing high that note. . . . Say om, tat sat om".

RAJESWARI  
KUNJAMMA, A. C.

YUVA BHARATI

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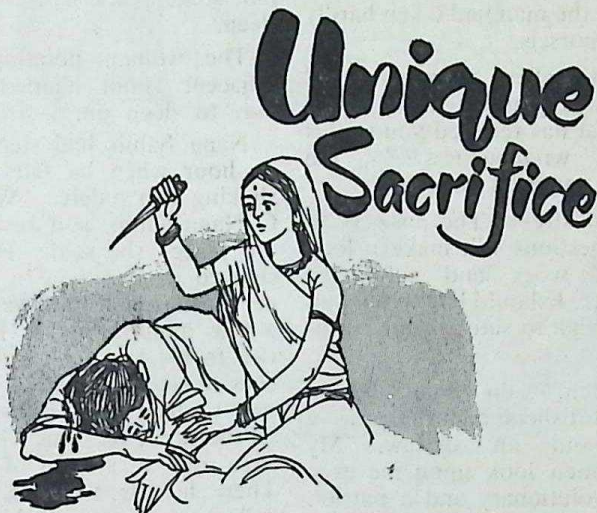


A KNOCK at the door. "Please open the door. Let me in," a weak tremulous voice rolled in through the chinks of the door.

'Who could be there at such an odd hour?' a feminine voice came from inside the room and sound of steps advancing towards the door were heard.

From his haggard appearance, unkempt hair, tattered clothes, bruises on limbs, beads of sweat on forehead and from his imploring tone, the mistress of the house rightly guessed that the stranger must be hungry and tired.

'You are welcome. Come in' the lady said politely. Her



Instantly, the door opened ajar, and a lady peeped through it. 'What do you want? What brings you here at this odd hour?' she demanded.

'O noble lady! I am a stranger. I have come a long way. I want to pass the night in your house', the man replied reassuringly.

voice and manners betrayed warmth of the customary hospitality.

The man stepped in. The mistress dragged a chair forward for him to sit on and hurried away into the kitchen. The man sat in pensive mood, musing over the places, strange sights and hardships he had met with during

his wanderings. His reverie ended when the mistress placed before him a large dish with some *chapatis*, a glass of milk and a jug of water on the table.

‘Please help yourself to the little I am able to offer you’, the woman requested humbly.

The stranger started eating without any show of formality. The woman was astonished to see that the man had taken hardly a few morsels.

“O traveller! who are you? Why have you eaten so little? and what has reduced you to this abject wretchedness?” the woman enquired curiously.

“O mistress! The answers to your questions will make a long tale of woes and sufferings. However, I should like to tell you just enough to satisfy your curiosity.”

“Listen,” the man began, “the Britishers regard me as a rebel and an outlaw. My countrymen look upon me as a true revolutionary and a patriot. The government has set a price on my head. I have been wandering about the lonely places, treading unbeaten paths; sleeping in the open ground exposed to heat, cold and rain; helpless and companionless, to escape arrest and to dodge my dogged cruel pursuers. I haven’t tasted even a mouthful of food for the last fifteen days. I have been subsisting on leaves, wild fruits.

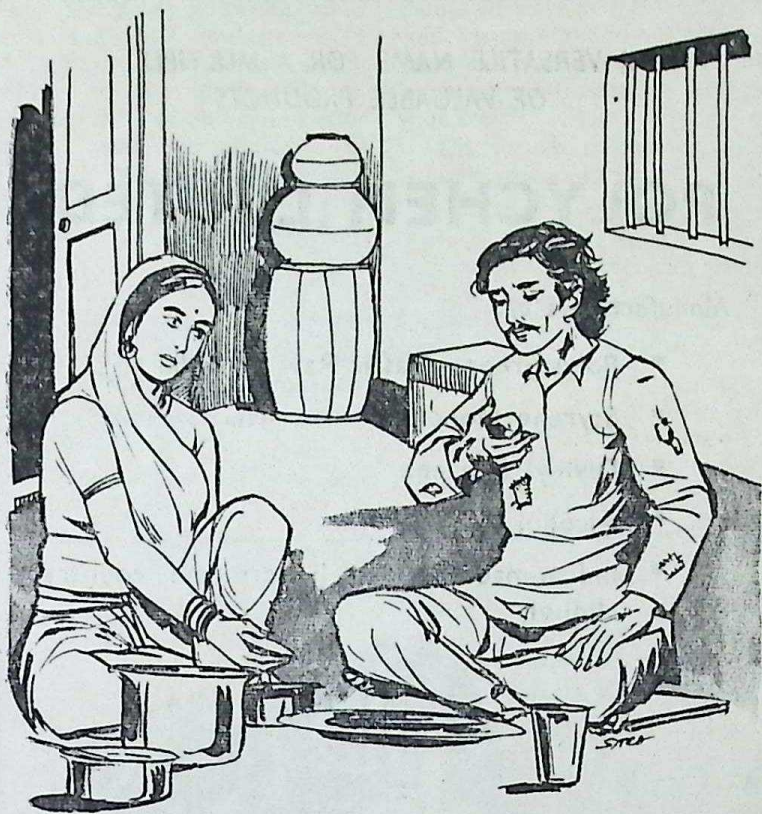
I am Nana Sahib. It is very kind of you to have treated me so kindly at a great risk. People dare not give me food and lodging for the fear of being put behind the bars or sent to gal-lows.” Food and a glass of milk had given some vigour to Nana Sahib, and the pang of hunger was gone. He felt sleepy. So he asked the kind lady to show him some place where he could sleep.

The woman pointing to an adjacent room handed him a *dari* to sleep on.

Nana Sahib had slept hardly an hour when he felt someone shaking him rudely. ‘Wake up! O Nana Sahib, and rush out of the place’ she said. Her voice showed concern and a sense of nervousness. It took Nana Sahib a few minutes before he could rise to his feet. He rubbed his eyes to shake off sleep. His gait was unsteady. As he approached the door, he turned back and gave out a shriek of horror. There lay by the door a man rolling in a pool of blood. It was a cold-blooded murder. Next moment his eyes caught sight of the woman’s hands. They were stained in blood. Her clothes bore stains of blood. Nana Sahib could hardly believe his eyes.

“What! what do I see? Have you committed this gruesome murder?”, he stammered out, still horrified and stunned.





"Yes, I have slain this man" the woman replied straightening herself up and raising her head high with no trace of remorse or sense of guilt on her countenance. "He was a mean creature, a base fellow, a traitor, a betrayer and an imbecile" she went on. "He wanted to claim the price set on your

head." Nana Sahib stood agape, listening, "Knowing that you were here, he was preparing to leave for the nearby police station and inform the English officials of your whereabouts. But I put an end to his sinister design by taking away his life. He is my husband." Before she could say anything further,

Nana Sahib fell at her feet and burst out, 'O goddess! O! Mother goddess! You are the noblest of the noble women, a lady worthy of the highest adoration and veneration. O Mother! your sacrifice is such as has no parallel in the living history. You put all those to

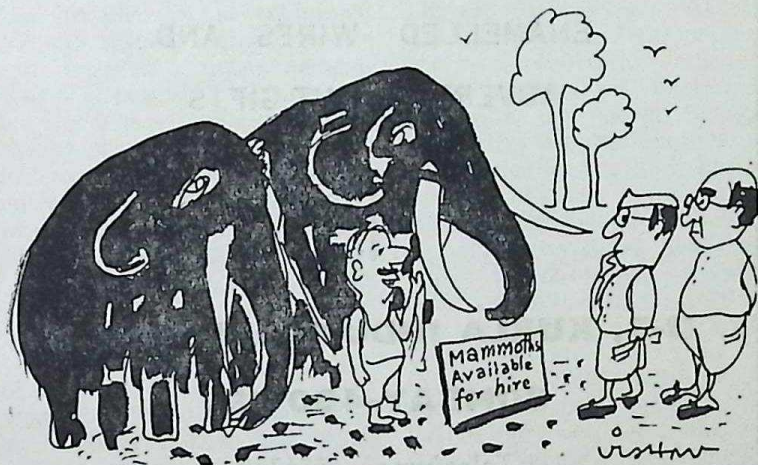
shame who are proud of their revolutionary zeal and sacrifices in the cause of Mother India. I am but a tiny particle of the dust on your feet".

'Upon such a sacrifice, God Himself throws incense.'

Y. P. SINGH

*No one is so accursed by fate  
No one so utterly desolate  
But some heart, though unknown  
Responds unto his own.*

— LONGFELLOW.



"Our beasts are in great demand by conscientious leaders who like to issue a statement to the press that they addressed a mammoth gathering...."

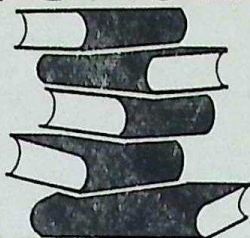


## EDUCATIONAL CHANGE :

By Prof. Bal Apte (Akhil Bharatiya Vidyarthi Parishad, Delhi, 1977. Price Rs. 7.50)

Education happens to be a subject of perennial interest. Many have expressed diverse views on what should be and all are critical of the present state of affairs. This short essay of about 120 pages by Prof. Apte is an attempt by one who has used a period of isolation from normal surroundings during the emergency for some thought on the problem. Fifteen chapters cover the ground reviewing the proposals by different Education Commissions as well as other official documents. The author desires technological education to lead to changes in traditional methods without increasing costs and increasing unemployment. This is at best an ideal approach but not a practicable one. The correct observation is made that the record of most agricultural universities is dismal but then what is the cause? The position is not as bad as the author makes it out to be. The farmer has benefited to some extent but not the community at large. On vocationization, the right observation is made: "Every area may have the potential for particular types of industries and skills. Special courses which may vary from area to area ought to be formulated and taught." This, however, goes against the

## BOOK review



mobility of the students, a necessary factor in national integration.

While bemoaning the opposition of the white-collared towards basic education of Mahatma Gandhi, the author ignores the inherent deficiencies. At the same time we find the observation: "Job-oriented education is a misconceived expression. Education can never be job-oriented." The author makes a special plea for the study of Sanskrit and of History in the school though there can be a difference of opinion on the author's dictum. "For the study and enrichment of any Indian Language, one has to fall back on Sanskrit". This is as unreal as to say that for the study of English or any modern European language one has to fall back on Latin, and Greek. Similarly one finds it difficult to agree with the author's view that the equipment needed for modernising courses

need not be of the standards found in Western Countries. If modern science is to be taught, the standards of advanced countries have to be met. The observations on equalisation of opportunities are pertinent and commendable.

This volume indicates some careful thought. There have been many misprints and not a few instances of bad English but these blemishes do not detract from the value of the book.

DR. S. V.

ANANTAKRISHNAN

INDIA! MY BLISS!! —

Ananda Coomaraswamy :  
Compiled by R. Vasumati ;  
Price : 75 Paise ; Copies  
available from C. Gopalan,  
1, Gandhi St., T. Nagar,  
Madras-600 017.

The sages and seers of ancient India, were mystics who could see the universe as a whole — a wonderful composite and homogeneous work of art by an omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient creator whom they called the Almighty. Theirs was not a cunning intellect, as Bergson says, that makes cuts in the *elan vital* — the surge of life — and analyses the world in parts of curious shapes and forms, but an intuition which had the capacity to sympathise with the spirit of creation and grasp the whole in one sweep. This immense capa-

city of the penetrating vision of the ancient rishis has very rarely manifested in men of genius in the modern age and one such phenomenon is Ananda K. Coomaraswamy — a geological scientist, a philosopher, a historian, an art-critic, a reverent student of religion and a mystic, all rolled into one. Born to an English mother and a Ceylonese father and brought up in the Western tradition, he had a heart that was imbued with the eternal spirit of Indian thought and culture.

“If India would regain her soul, she must go back to her classical art, music, handicraft and dance and above all to her sages and her scriptures,” says he in his clarion call to India. He reminds the Indian people that “the essential contribution of India is simply her Indianness; her great humiliation would be to substitute or to have substituted for this own character (*Svabhava*) a cosmopolitan veneer, for then indeed she must come before the world empty-handed.”

When the birth centenary of the great soul was celebrated all over the country during the last year, a new interest was revived in studying his life and works, especially among the youth of the country. Kumari R. Vasumati, a post-graduate in Physics, whose special fields of interest and proficiency are Art and



Music, and who also represents the present day younger generation, has undertaken the task of introducing Ananda Coomaraswamy to the youth and students through this small but educative and inspiring booklet. Besides outlining the achievements of Ananda Coomaraswamy as a bridge-builder between East and West, the book gives insight into his deep love of India and his message to the people of this country.

The book is placed before the student community by Akhil Bharatiya Vidyarthi Parishad, who are to be congratulated on this act of service. Even general readers who are not well acquainted with the life and works of Ananda Coomaraswami will be benefited by going through this beautiful booklet.

*V. RANGARAJAN*

**AYURVEDA : THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.** By Dr. P. S. Rai, Ph.D. 296, 7th Block, Jayanagar, Bangalore.

This book by Dr. P. S. Rai on Ayurveda deals in detail with the history of Ayurveda.

The author has taken great pains to bring home to the student of Ayurveda the importance and greatness of the system in a clear and lucid manner.

*VAIDYA RATNA  
V. BALARAMIAH  
(Retd. Dist. Judge)*

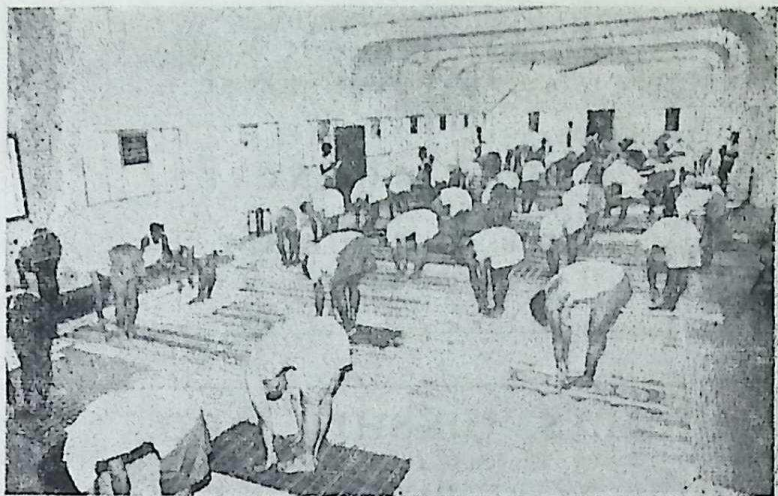
**LET US MARCH TO VICTORY!** (A Book for Children)  
By Vaijayanthi Mala, 3/B, Nungambakkam High Road, Madras-600 034. Pages not numbered. Price Rs. 10.

This book (Souvenir) is brought out by Vaijayanthi Mala with the assistance of Health Advisory Service of which her father Dr. Vishnu Sarma, a distinguished Obstetrician and Gynaecologist, is the sponsor. It is a modest attempt to focus attention on health problems of importance to children. The articles, though brief, are interesting and instructive. Besides meaningful cartoons, rare pictures and photographs adorn the pages. The talented young author says that the purpose of the book is to raise funds for preparing a comprehensive series of books for children, embodying her scientist father's researches over the years, and through publications to usher in a mini national health revolution. Those who see the imperative need for proper health care of the children, who are the real wealth of the nation, would welcome the project and extend help in a generous measure. The book is a feather in little Vaijayanthi Mala's cap.

*SULABHA JOGLEKAR*

# News AND NOTES

## VIVEKANANDA KENDRA, KANYAKUMARI



Participants doing Padahasthasana.

All India Yoga Shiksha Shibir of three weeks' duration was inaugurated by Shri Eknathji, on the 25th December 1977. On the same day 85 years ago Swami Vivekananda had spent some-time on the rock in deep meditation and discovered the mission of his life.

Seventy-seven participants hailing from all over the country including Sikkim and Kashmir attended the Shibir. During the

period they underwent training in Yogasanas and cyclic meditation. Bhajans, night assemblies and lectures on various aspects of Yoga and culture also formed part of the training. The participants were introduced to the genesis, mission and different activities of Vivekananda Kendra.

On the 15th January 1978 valedictory function was held with Prof. K. N. Vaswani, Pre-



sident of Vivekananda Kendra in the chair. The highlight of the function was the yogasana demonstration by the participants.

### **VIVEKANANDA KENDRA, BOMBAY**

Swami Vivekananda's 115th birthday was celebrated in Bombay from 7th January to 22nd January 1978, at four different places, Dadar, Girgaum, Chembur and Goregaon, by arranging a lecture series on, "Swami Vivekananda — Man and His Mission" by Vidya Vachaspati Shri Vishnuji Kshirsagar, in Marathi, and in all the places it was well attended. On the concluding day at Dadar, Swami Pujyananda Maharaj of Shri Ramakrishna Mission, Khar, Bombay presided over the function. At Chembur, Shri Parulekar, Advocate, took the chair.

Apart from Bombay, a lecture series was arranged at Thana. Shri Kocherekar Guruji with his inspiring lecture on the life of Swamiji kept the audience spellbound. The Thana Kendra collected Rs. 8,800 and the purse was handed over to Shri Sivaroopananda Maharaj of Ramakrishna Mission, Bombay on 15th towards the relief work of the cyclone-hit people of Andhra and Tamil Nadu. Also clothes, grains, utensils etc., were sent. The programme was from 13th to 15th.

At Dombivli Shri Daji Panashikar spoke on 12th January 1978.

### **VIVEKANANDA KENDRA, BANGALORE**

#### *Vivekananda Jayanti Celebration*

Programmes were organised at four different places to celebrate Swamiji's Jayanti. The programme included Vedic chanting, Bhajan and a lecture on Swamiji's life and message. Prof. H. S. Ramachandra Rao delivered lectures at Rama Bhajana Sabha, Malleswaram on 18-1-1978, S. B. M. Colony, Hanumantanagar on 22-1-1978 and at Cubbonpet on 5-2-1978. Prof. Srinivasa Rao, Head of the Department of Philosophy, Bangalore University, spoke at the function held at Chamarajpet.

#### *Gathering of Children from Samskar Kendras*

A gathering of the children of two Vivekananda Samskar Kendras, one at Rajajinagar and the other at Chamarajpet, was organised on 8-1-1978 at Kendra's hall. As part of the programme Geeta Recitation Competition was conducted in which 24 children recited verses from fourth chapter. Sri Shankar, Headmaster, Vivekananda Vidyashala, Hanumantanagar spoke on the message of Geeta and distributed prizes and fruits to the children.

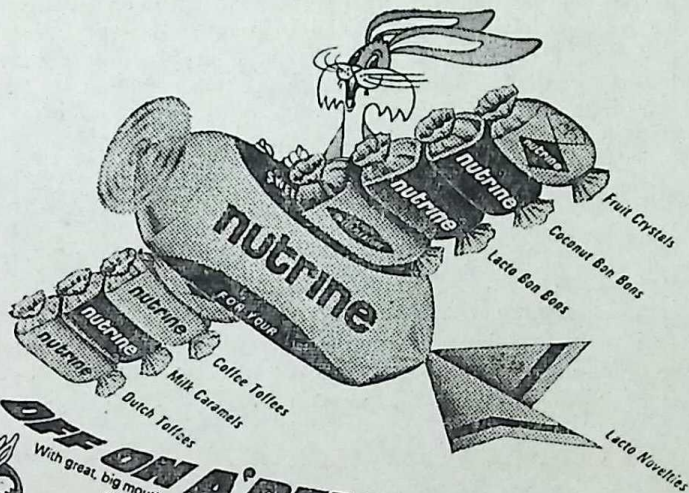
## Parents' Meet on Saraswati Pooja Day

Saraswati Pooja was performed by our Sanskrit Vibhag on 29-1-1978 to which parents of the children learning Sanskrit at Kendra were invited. There are presently forty-three children, thirty-two studying for Prathama and eleven studying for Dwitiya. The programme included recitation of *subhashitas*, verses from Geeta and Amara Kosha by the children. Addressing a large gathering of parents, Sri B. S. Ramakrishna Rao, Secretary,

Akhil Karnatak Sanskrit Sahitya Parishad requested the parents to continue to send their children to Kendra for learning Sanskrit. The Pooja was performed by Sri Mahadeva Bhatt, our Sanskrit teacher. Sri P. V. Dixit explained the aims, objectives and activities of Vivekananda Kendra to the parents. Prasada for the puja was provided by 'Sri Sarada Samiti, Salem' — Bangalore Branch.

Sri P. V. Dixit addressed the members of Rajajinagar Mahila Maharashtra Mandal on 4-1-78.

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He explained the aims and objectives of Vivekananda Kendra and suggested ways and means of active co-operation. There was a yoga demonstration by Kendra's Mahila Yoga Vibhag. The asanas were demonstrated by Kumaris Savitri, Padma and Narmada.

### VIVEKANANDA KENDRA, IMPHAL

The 115th birth anniversary of Swami Vivekananda was celebrated at Babupara Theatre Hall, Manipur, on 12th January 1978. Sri Balrai Trikha, Addl. Advocate-General of Manipur, presided over the function, which began with a song sung by Sri Dwijadas Bhattacharjee. Prof. S. K. Mahalnabish welcomed the gathering. This was followed by 'Voice of Swamiji,' in which Sri Y. Indra-

mani Singh made known to the people Swamiji's ideas on India, her degeneration and the need for regeneration by disinterested workers.

On this occasion a symposium on 'Morality and spirituality — the panacea for all social evils' was arranged. Prof. Gangmumei Kabui; R. K. Mukhara Devi; Prof. B. R. Sengupta, Vice-Principal, D. M. College and Sri Ng. Tompok Singh Vice-President, Janata Party, were the distinguished speakers.

In his presidential speech Sri Trikha paid a tribute to Swamiji and stressed that upliftment of women is essential to overcome all types of social evils. The function concluded with a vote of thanks by Sri Amarendra Mahalnabish, life-worker of the Kendra.

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### READERS' FORUM

For this column which we propose to reopen, we invite letters from our readers, giving constructive suggestions for further improving the quality of service we have the privilege of rendering to them. A few of the letters will be published every now and again.

— EDITOR.

## The temple of Somnath... deliverance from a curse

The moon-god, Soma, was married to the daughters of Daksha Prajapati. He favoured only his twenty-seventh wife Rohini, neglecting the other twenty-six, and so was cursed by Daksha to suffer from the dreaded disease of consumption.

Soma repented for his misdeeds and assured Daksha of his future good behaviour. Then, performing penance, he asked Lord Shiva to deliver him from his father-in law's terrible curse.

Lord Shiva appeared and granted him a blessing. He would lose his splendour by gradation for a fortnight every month, but then regain it during the following two weeks.

The temple of Somnath is built at Prabhas Patan in Saurashtra,

on the spot where Soma worshipped Lord Shiva. It is one of the twelve Jyotirlingas or manifestations of light, erected in different parts of India at sites where Lord Shiva appeared and granted boons or blessings.

सोमलिङ्गं नरो दृष्ट्वा सर्वपापात् प्रमुच्यते।  
लब्ध्वा फलं मनोऽभीष्टं मृतः स्वर्गं लभेति॥

*"A person is absolved of all sins by beholding the Linga of Somnath, and obtaining the fulfilment of his heart's desires, he qualifies for heaven after his death".*



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